

MARVEL

#20

**LATOUR
RODRIGUEZ
RENZI**

SPIDER-GWEN



AS A TEENAGER, GWEN STACY WAS BITTEN BY A MUTATED SPIDER. THE BITE TRANSFORMED HER, GRANTING HER AMAZING POWERS: A PRECOGNITIVE AWARENESS OF DANGER, ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES, AND THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED AND STRENGTH OF A SPIDER. TO THE RESIDENTS OF NEW YORK, SHE IS THE DANGEROUS VIGILANTE CALLED SPIDER-WOMAN, BUT YOU KNOW HER AS...

SPIDER-GWEN

PREVIOUSLY...



JASON LATOUR
WRITER

ROBBI RODRIGUEZ
ARTIST

RICO RENZI
COLOR ARTIST

VC's CLAYTON COWLES
LETTERER

ROBBI RODRIGUEZ
COVER ARTIST

ALLISON STOCK
ASSISTANT EDITOR

DEVIN LEWIS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

NICK LOWE
EDITOR

AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

JOE QUESADA
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY
PRESIDENT

ALAN FINE
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

GWEN STACY CREATED BY
STAN LEE AND
STEVE DITKO



MADRIPOOR.





HNNGF!



HNNF...
HNNF...
HNNF...

DAMN.

IT.

HARRY.



HRRRNGGH!

STOP!





"HIM"?
HARRY, WHAT'RE
YOU--LED
WHO?

HIM!



HEH. NOT
ASHAMED TO ADMIT
I MISJUDGED YOU,
OSBORN.

MISTOOK THAT
BOUNTY ON YOUR HEAD
FOR EASY MONEY.

LOW-
HANGING
FRUIT.

KATIC KATIC KATIC KATIC KATIC



BUT YOU'VE
FOUGHT WELL, SON.
HONORABLY.

STILL--
IT'S TIME TO COME
ALONG NOW. QUIETLY.
PEACEFULLY...

NO NEED
FOR YOUR FRIEND HERE
TO GET CAUGHT IN OUR
CROSSFIRE.



MISTER, I
DON'T KNOW WHO
YOU ARE--

--OR WHAT
YOUR BUSINESS
WITH HARRY IS, BUT--

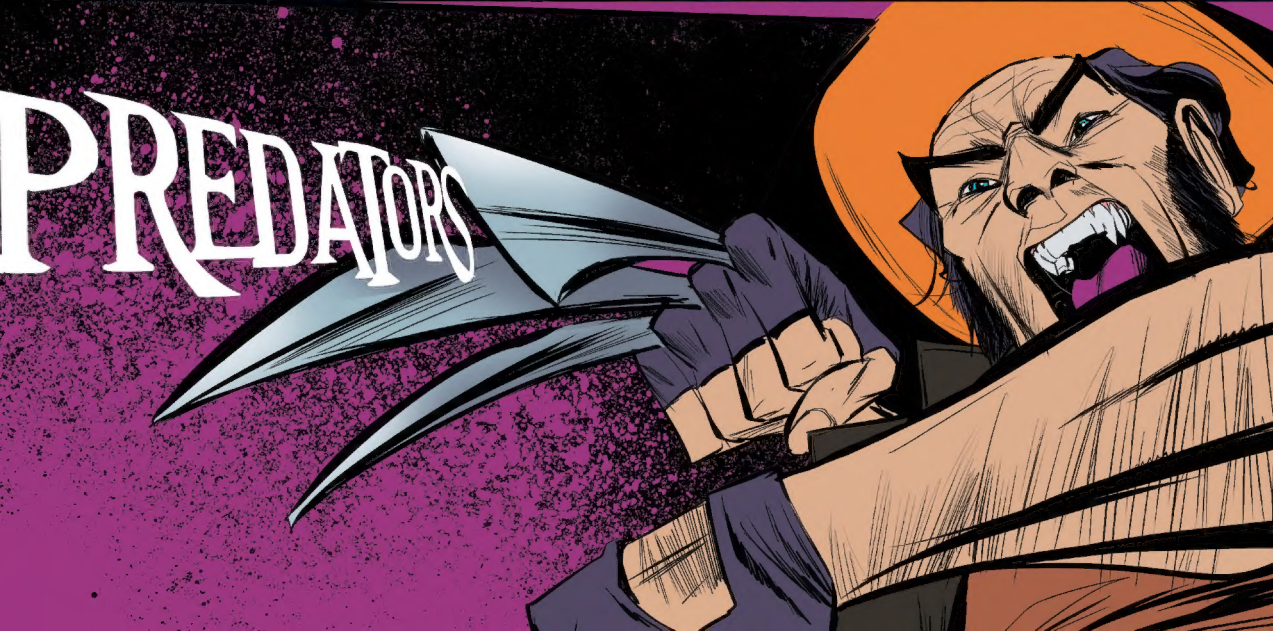
HEH. NO,
DARLIN'.

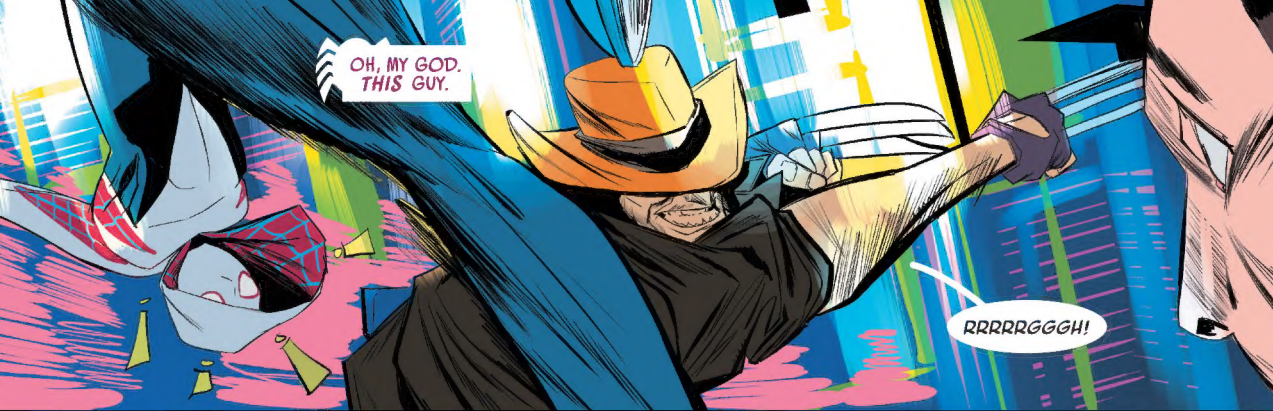
DON'T EXPECT
YOU'D KNOW MY
BUSINESS.



NOT A
LOT OF FOLKS
BREATHIN' WHO
DO.

SMACK





OH, MY GOD.
THIS GUY.

RRRRRGGGH!



HUNGH!

WHO THE @\$\$%#
IS THIS GUY?!



WHAT HAVE
YOU GOTTEN
INTO, HARRY?

C'MON--
UPSY-DAISY, WE
GOTTA GET GHOST
LIKE SWAYZE!

GUY HAS
MURDER HANDS,
GWENNIE. MAYBE
DON'T SAY....



...GHOST?

WHAT HAVE I
GOTTEN MYSELF
INTO?

IT'S OKAY,
HARRY. REALLY.
YOU'RE NOT GONNA
BELIEVE THIS,
BUT--

--THE
NINJAS ARE
WITH ME.



WITH YOU?!
THESE NINJAS
WORK FOR THE
HAND!

THEY'VE
BEEN HUNTING ME
FOR WEEKS!

RRAAAUUGGH!



HUNGGH!

THWAAPP
THWAAPP



I KNEW IT. I WASN'T SENT TO
TALK SENSE INTO HARRY.

MURDOCK
SENT ME AS BAIT.

LOOK, HARRY--
YOU HAVE TO TRUST
ME, OKAY?

I KNOW
THIS LOOKS
BAD, BUT--



BAD?
BAD?!

IT DOESN'T
GET MUCH WORSE
THAN THIS!

THAT
GUY? HE'S--
OH, GOD--

HE'S... THE IMMORTAL MR. MURDERHANDS

"WHAT? HARRY, THAT NAME IS RIDICU--"

"HEY, DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO HE IS OR NOT?"

"ANYWAY...LEGEND HAS IT HE WAS A SAMURAI."

"THE SAMURAI."

"ONCE."

LET...LET ME DIE, YOU OLD CRONE...

IT'S WHAT I DESERVE...

HEH... NO, OLD BOY.

EVEN HELL'S NOT DESERVING OF A KILLER SUCH AS YOU.

"I CURSE YOU TO LONG TREAD THIS EARTH, LOGAN."

"A DAY FOR EVERY LIFE YOU'VE TAKEN..."

"...AND A DAY FOR EVERY LIFE YOU'LL TAKE."

WELCOME TO COLD LAKE

FANCY CLOTHES, STRANGER.

MUST'VE COST A FORTUNE, EH?

I TOLD YOU NO, STRYKER.

JUST LET ME LIVE OUT MY YEARS IN PEACE.

HEH. RUMOR HAS IT YOU'RE UNKILLABLE, MY FRIEND.

WEAPON X JUST WANTS TO SEE IF IT'S TRUE.

"WHEN I WAS AT S.H.I.E.L.D., I PEEKED INTO LOGAN'S CLASSIFIED FILE."

"WEAPON X ERASED WHO HE WAS."

RARRRGGGH!

"SO NOW LOGAN'S CURSED BY A PAST HE DOESN'T EVEN REMEMBER..."

I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHO THE HELL I AM.

WELL, THAT, MR. LOGAN, IS SOMETHING I CAN'T ANSWER.

"...SO HE'S DOOMED TO REPEAT IT."

BUT IF YOU'LL JOIN US--

--S.H.I.E.L.D. IS HAPPY TO HELP YOU BE ALL YOU CAN BE.



WAIT...SO
THAT MANIAC WORKS FOR
S.H.I.E.L.D.?

SORT OF.
MR. MURDERHANDS
IS BLACK OPS.

HIRED HELP
THEY CALL IN WHEN
THINGS ARE TOO
MESSY.



OKAY.
LOOK, NO MORE "MR.
MURDERHANDS"--

THAT
NAME IS WAY TOO
SELF-FULLFILLING
PROPHECY.

CALL
HIM "WOLVERINE."
I KNOW ONE OF
THOSE.*

*SEE ALL-NEW
WOLVERINE ANNUAL.

TAWIP



AND WHAT
DO YOU MEAN,
"MESSY"? S.H.I.E.L.D.
ARE THE GOOD
GUYS--

DAMN IT,
GWEN!

WHAT ABOUT
THIS DO YOU NOT
UNDERSTAND?!



S.I.L.K.
RE-CREATED
PETER'S LIZARD
FORMULA FOR
ME!

I BETRAYED
MY COUNTRY JUST
TO AVENGE HIM! TO
KILL YOU!

THERE'S **NO**
WAY S.H.I.E.L.D.
OR MURDOCK OR ANYONE
ELSE'LL LET ME JUST RUN
AROUND WITH SOMETHING
THIS POWERFUL IN
MY BLOOD!



THERE'S
NOWHERE TO
HIDE.

IF IT'S
NOT LOGAN, IT'LL
BE SOMEONE
ELSE...

SOMEONE
WORSE THAN THEIR
WORST...



HEH.

WHEN
YOU'RE RIGHT,
YOU'RE RIGHT,
BUB.

SNIKT

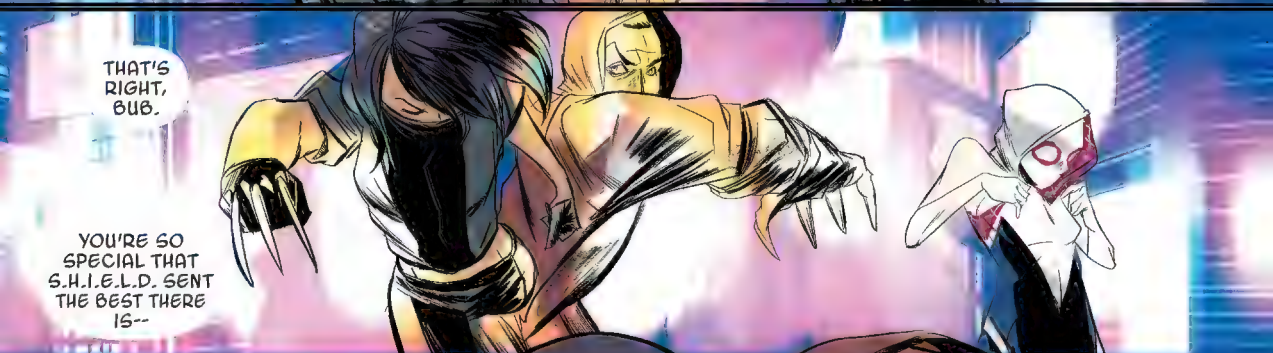
SNIKT



NO. NO.
NO.

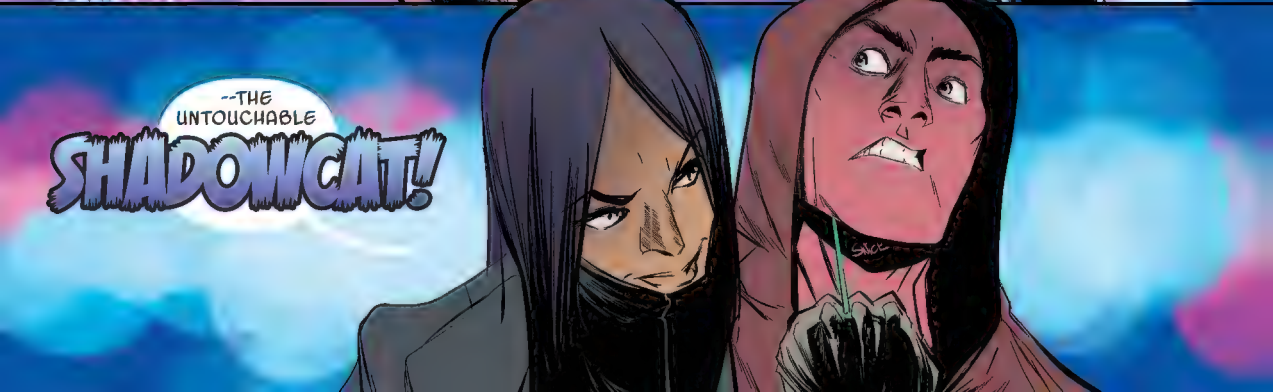
NOT
HER, TOO.
NOT...

?!?!



THAT'S
RIGHT,
BUB.

YOU'RE SO
SPECIAL THAT
S.H.I.E.L.D. SENT
THE BEST THERE
IS--



--THE
UNTOUCHABLE

SHADOWCAT!



TIME TO GO, OSBORN. IT'S YOUR CHOICE AS TO HOW.

WAIT...NO... EVERYONE CALM DOWN...LET'S JUST...



DO IT.

YOU THINK THIS IS MESSY NOW? I'M **THE LIZARD**.

YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF MONSTER WILL GROW IN MY PLACE?



HARRY, PLEASE JUST... SHUT UP!

LISTEN, LADY. YOUR BOSSES AT S.H.I.E.L.D... THEY DON'T REALLY CARE ABOUT HARRY OR HIS CRIMES, RIGHT?

THEY WANT THE SCIENCE EXPERIMENT IN HIS VEINS?

WELL, THEY CAN HAVE IT! I JUST WANT HIM **CURED!**



HEH. YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE, GIRLIE.

I JUST DO THE **JOB**. FULFILL THE **CONTRACT**.



I DON'T--

RRRRGGGGHHH!

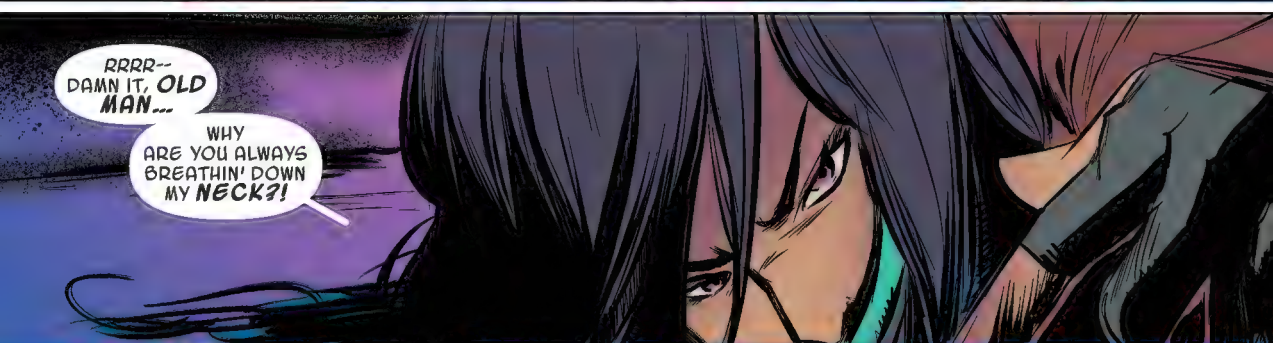
TSK, TSK, TSK...



...Y'KNOW
I LOVE YA,
KITTY.

NEARLY AS
MUCH AS I LOVE
WATCHIN' THIS LITTLE
"DOG WHISTLE" MAKE
YA SQUIRM.

BUT THE
BOUNTY ON
THAT BOY'S HEAD
IS **MINE** TO
COLLECT.



RRRR--
DAMN IT, **OLD
MAN**...

WHY
ARE YOU ALWAYS
BREATHIN' DOWN
MY **NECK**?!



MY
GOD. THIS IS
INSANE!

THEY'RE
#e%& INSANE!

YEAH...I
TRIED TO TELL
YOU...

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
FRANKLIN P. NELSON

"...WE'RE PRETTY DAMN FAR
FROM KANSAS, DOROTHY."

YOU'RE
NOT **HEARING** ME,
MURDOCK.

BIG SURPRISE,
I KNOW--BUT JUST LIKE
ALWAYS...

...I'M
TRYING TO
GIVE YOU WHAT
YOU WANT,
MATT.

YOU REALLY
THINK PROSECUTING
CAPTAIN GEORGE FREAKIN'
STACY IS HIGH ON MY
WISH LIST?

BUT THE
NEWS HAS ITS TEETH
IN OUR NECKS HERE,
MAN.

THEY THINK NEW YORK'S TOP COP WANTS
TO GET UP UNDER OATH AND CLEAR
HIS CONSCIENCE...

...AIR THE ENTIRE
DEPARTMENT'S DIRTY
LAUNDRY.

BUT
WE BOTH KNOW CASTLE
CONNECTED THE STACYS
TO SPIDER-WOMAN.

AND THE
PUBLIC?

THEY'LL
ROAST ME
ON A SPIT IF I
DON'T DO MY
JOB...

...BUT THERE'S
NO WAY I'M LETTING
GEORGE STACY TELL
THE WORLD WE MADE
HIM HUNT HIS OWN
DAUGHTER.

SO, CARDS
ON THE TABLE, OKAY?
THIS IS ME CROSSING
THE AISLE...

...HOW
THE **HELL** DO WE
GET OUT OF THIS,
MATT?

WHY,
FOGGY...

...I
THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER
ASK.



PP YOU GOTTA...
FACE IT, TIGER...
FACE IT, TIIII-
GGGEEER... PP



MASTER
MURDOCK.

OTOMO.
MY MAN.



I SEE
EVERYTHING WENT
ACCORDING TO
PLAN.

AND WHAT
EVER GAVE YOU
THAT WILD IDEA,
MY DEAR?

HEH. YOU
HAVE **CANARY**
FEATHERS IN
YOUR SMILE.



AH, THE
NOT-SO-SECRET
KINGPIN AND HIS
PLAUSIBLY DENIABLE
EMPIRE OF
CRIME.

THE BLIND
MAN WHO SEES
ALL.

IT'S SO SMUG IT'S
ALMOST CHARMING,
MURDOCK.



HEH. MY
DEAR DOCTOR
BROCK, ARE YOU
OUT TO INSULT
ME...

...OR
GET ME TO
PROPOSE?

I'VE RISKED
MY REPUTATION--
MY **NECK**--TO DELIVER
YOU THE VENOM
RESEARCH.

AND **WHY?** I NEED
REASONS, MURDOCK--
A **RATIONALE**.



YOU'VE BEEN WELL-SERVED BY WHAT YOU **DO** KNOW, ELSA.

YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO--

PLEASE! DON'T INSULT MY INTELLIGENCE BY ASKING FOR MY **TRUST**.

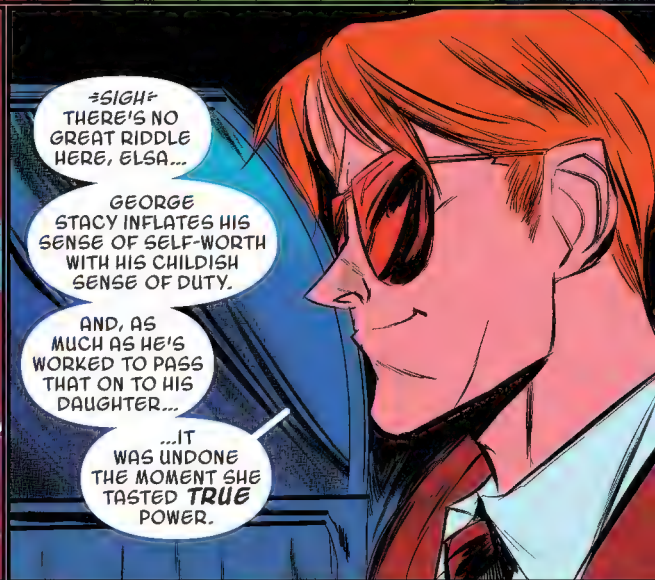
YOU **TOLD** SPIDER-WOMAN **OUR** PLANS FOR THE **VENOM**.



EVEN IF SHE BELIEVES THAT WE ARE THE ONLY HOPE FOR CURING HARRY OSBORN...

...WHY WOULD SHE **EVER** BRING HIM TO US, KNOWING WHAT IT MIGHT COST HER?

"COST HER"? HA! DOCTOR, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.



=SIGH=
THERE'S NO GREAT RIDDLE HERE, ELSA...

GEORGE STACY INFLATES HIS SENSE OF SELF-WORTH WITH HIS CHILDISH SENSE OF DUTY.

AND, AS MUCH AS HE'S WORKED TO PASS THAT ON TO HIS DAUGHTER...

...IT WAS UNDONE THE MOMENT SHE TASTED **TRUE** POWER.



SO THEN WHY JUST **GIVE** HER THAT POWER BACK?

SHE **NEEDS** YOU...

PFFT. POWER-UPS, SHMOWER-UPS.

NOTHING'S MORE MADDENING THAN A DROP OF RAIN IN THE DESERT HEAT, DOCTOR.



GWEN STACY CAN LIE TO HERSELF ALL SHE WANTS.

MAKE ANY EXCUSE SHE **NEEDS**.

BUT, DEEP DOWN, SHE **WANTS** TO BE SPIDER-WOMAN...

"...AND SHE'D WALK THROUGH HELL FOR THE CHANCE."



JUST AHEAD.



HARRY, LOOK. WHAT WE'RE ABOUT TO... WHAT WE'RE DOING--

--I MADE A DEAL WITH MURDOCK, OKAY?



MY DAD NEEDS HIS HELP. I NEED IT, TOO.

MY POWERS ARE BROKEN. I HAVEN'T BEEN MYSELF FOR A LONG TIME.

WITHOUT THE "POWER-UPS" HE PROVIDES, I'M NO HELP TO YOU OR ANYONE ELSE.

RRRNH... KEEP MOVING. MY PLACE IS RIGHT UP HERE.



THE RADIATION THAT GAVE ME MY POWERS--IT CAN DRAW THE LIZARD MUTAGEN OUT OF YOU.

AND ONCE IT'S EXPOSED--IT CHANGES.

INTO SOMETHING MURDOCK CLAIMS WILL "FIX" MY POWERS.



WE CAN'T TRUST HIM. I KNOW THAT.

BUT IF THESE MANIACS THEY SENT AFTER YOU ARE HOW S.H.I.E.L.D. DOES BUSINESS...

RRRNNGGH... RRRNGH... WHERE IS IT... WHERE... WHERE...



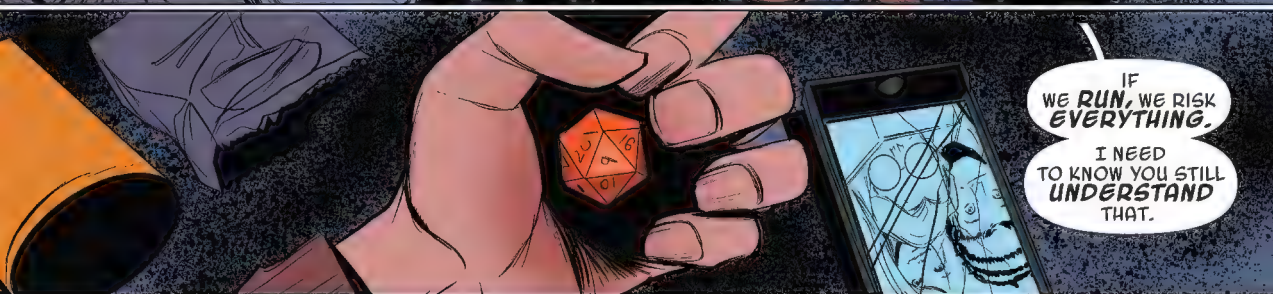
RRRRNNNGGGH!



DAMN IT, HARRY!

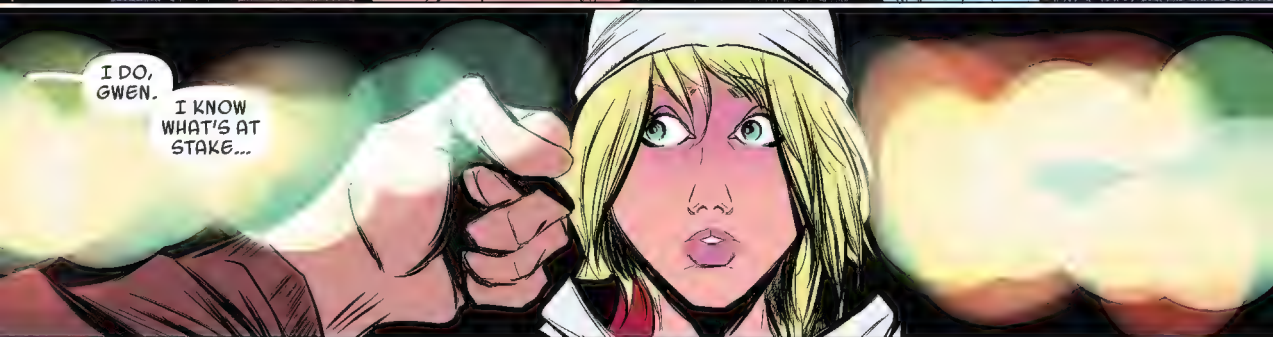
I'M NOT JUST LEAVING YOU OUT HERE TO FACE THIS ALONE.

BUT I NEED TO KNOW **YOU'RE** STILL IN THERE.



IF WE RUN, WE RISK **EVERYTHING.**

I NEED TO KNOW YOU STILL **UNDERSTAND** THAT.

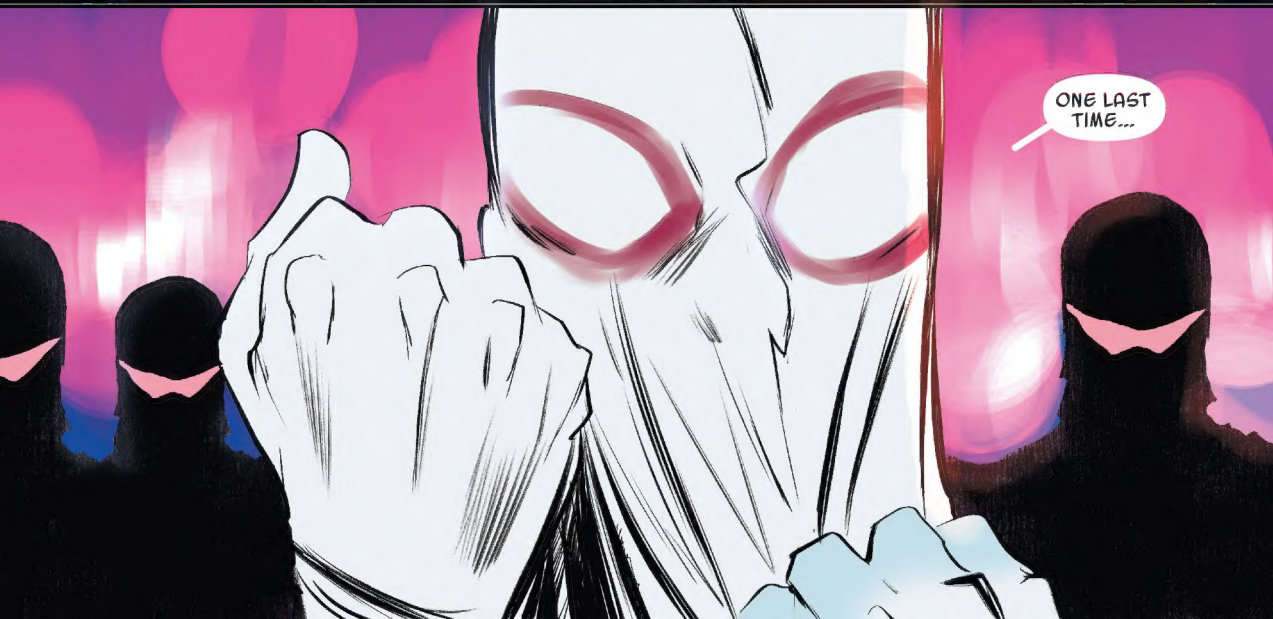


I DO, GWEN.

I KNOW WHAT'S AT STAKE...



I ALWAYS HAVE.





...ONE LAST
ROLL.

TO BE CONTINUED...

GWENCILS DOWN

WHAT AN ENDING!

Gwen Stacy and Harry Osborn versus a whole ninja dan! I just hope they make it out alive...

Hello, Earth-65ers! Alternate Reality Editor Devin Lewis reporting to you live and in print from Marvel HQ in the heart of New York! As I write this, it is, AT LAST, springtime in New York, and as bright and sunny as things are here in the Big Apple, they've taken an equally dark turn in the world of Gwen Stacy and Spider-Woman!

With Gwen turning her back on Murdock, has she put herself dead in his (metaphoric) sights? Will her powers remain permanently broken?! Will her father go to prison?!

ALL THOSE QUESTIONS, AND MORE, WILL BE ANSWERED IN THE TITANTIC TALE THAT'S YET TO COME! So keep reading, True Believers, and don't miss a single heart-pounding minute of SPIDER-GWEN action and adventure!

In the meantime, we want to hear from you! Got questions? Send 'em our way! Got critiques? We'll take those, too! Whatever you've got to say, send it along to SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM and mark it "OKAY TO PRINT"! With any luck, you'll get your name in the pages of this very Marvel Comics Mag!

Over and out!

Devin-65

@edevinlewis

NEXT ISSUE:



Send letters to SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM. Don't forget to mark them "OKAY TO PRINT"!

• Tour •
THE SEVEN SEAS

With

**BLACK MANTA
EMPIRE**



Call 555-FISH